MARVEL

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JUSTICE

THE PITT TRILOGY™

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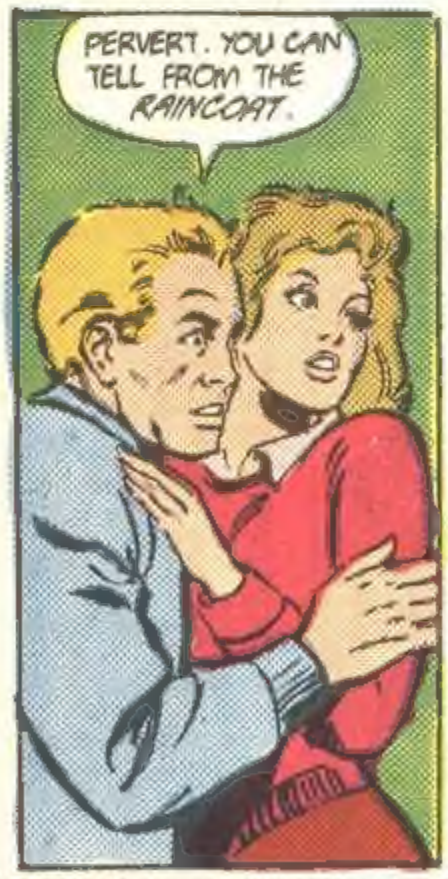
ON THE BRINK OF THE FUTURE!



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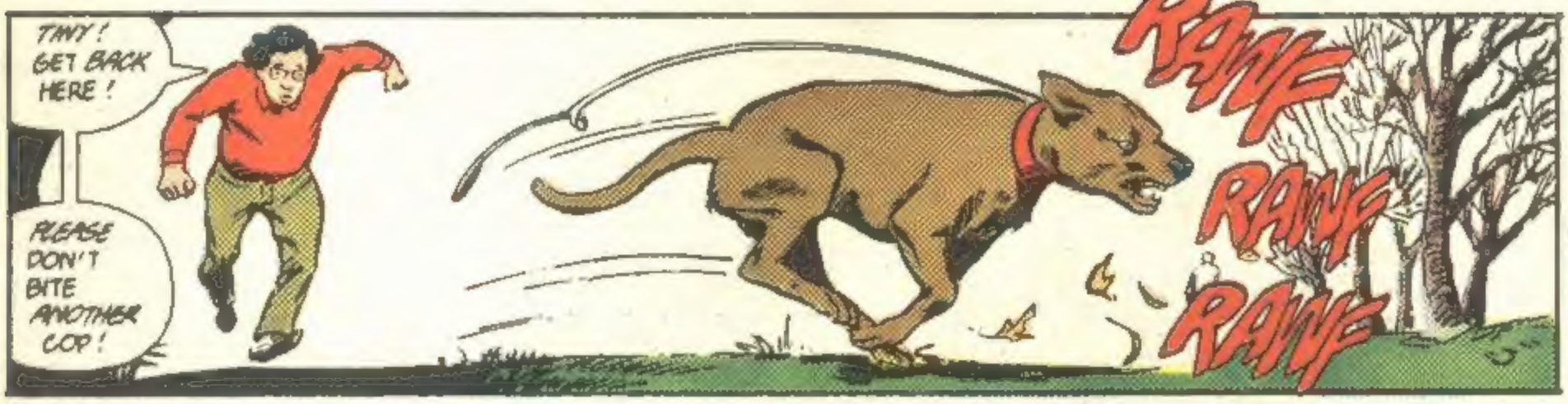
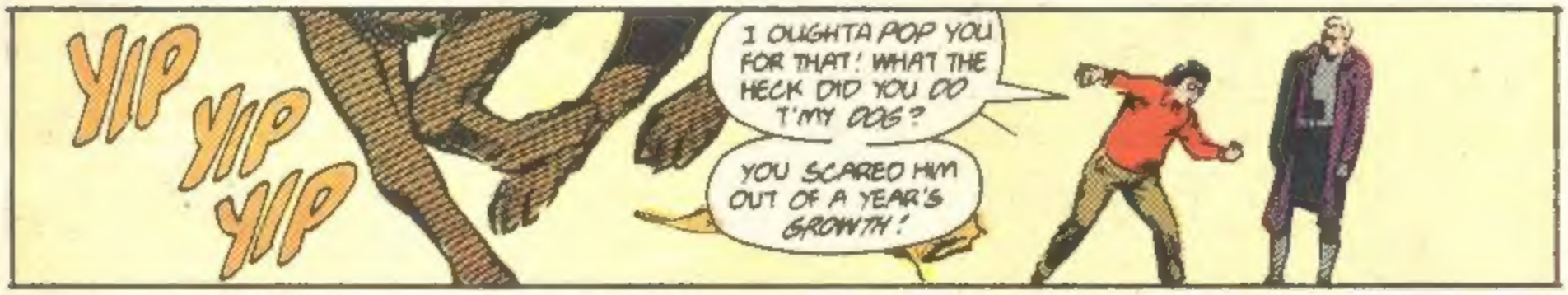

TINY! GET BACK HERE!
PLEASE DON'T BITE ANOTHER COP!
RAWF RAWF RAWF

RRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

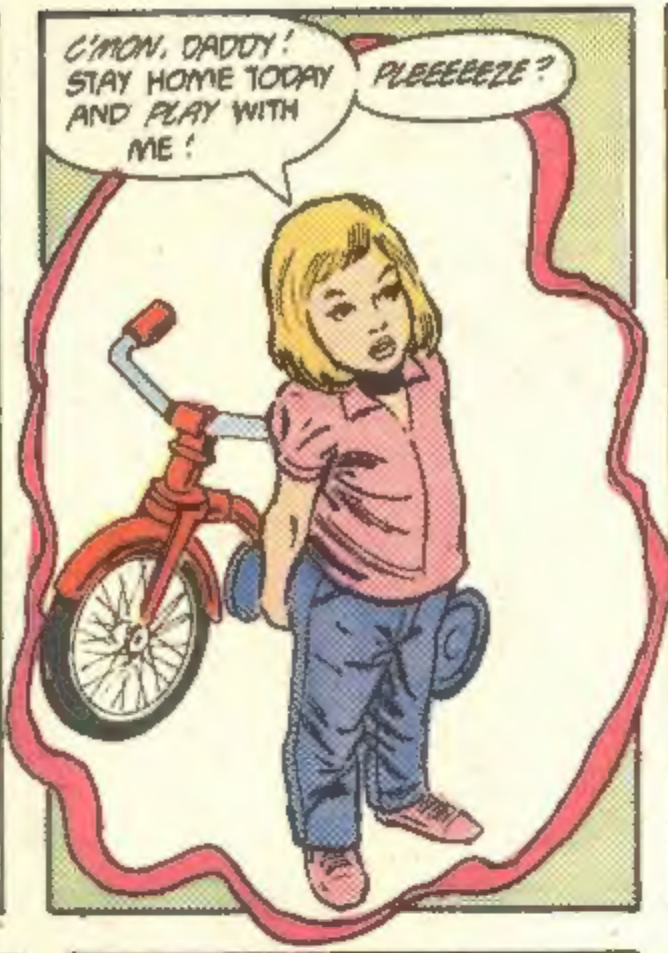
BOO.


YIP YIP YIP
I OUGHTA POP YOU FOR THAT! WHAT THE HECK DID YOU DO T'MY DOG?
YOU SCARED HIM OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH!

SEVEN IN PEOPLE YEARS.

I KEEP TELLING YOU, BRUCE, NEVER GO HEAD-FIRST.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SLIDING INTO.

WHAT'SA MATTER, MISTER? YOU WANT TO PLAY?


C'MON, DADDY! STAY HOME TODAY AND PLAY WITH ME!
PLEEEEEZE?

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T.
I HAVE TO GO TO WORK.

GLEN BAKER, YOU HAVE MISUSED YOUR POWER.
YOU CAN SEE THE FUTURE UP TO 48 HOURS IN ADVANCE, BUT HAVE NOT USED THIS GIFT TO AVERT ACCIDENTS, SAVE LIVES.
YOUR ONLY THOUGHT HAS BEEN FOR PERSONAL GAIN.
YOUR ACTIONS DO NOT WARRANT DEATH, BUT THERE MUST BE JUSTICE EXACTED.

YOU THINK I CARE?
WELL? DON'T JUST STAND THERE LOOKING OMINOUS...

GRAB SOME BENCH NEXT TO THE BREATHING DEAD MAN.
I TOLD YOU, YOU WILL NOT DIE.
THE ONLY "DYING" HAS BEEN WHAT YOU APPARENTLY DID TO YOUR HAIR. TWO DAYS AGO IT WAS BLACK.

I DIDN'T DYE IT.
SOMETHING I SAW WITH MY BELOVED POWER MADE ME LIKE THIS.

"PERSONAL GAIN" WHAT A LAUGH. WHAT ELSE WOULD I USE IT FOR?
REMEMBER CASSANDRA? SHE PREDICTED TROY WOULD BE IN FLAMES AND NO ONE BELIEVED HER.
SHE SURE HAD THE LAST LAUGH, DIDN'T SHE?

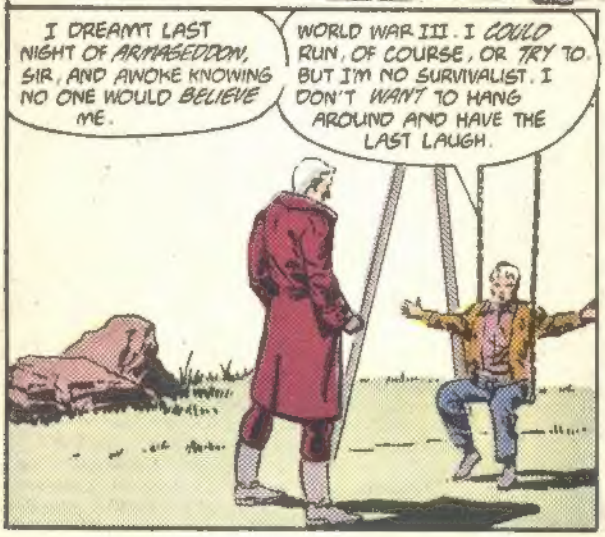
I COULD JUST SEE IT. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I SAW YOU BEING PULPED UNDER A BUS. BETTER STAY HOME FOR THE NEXT WEEK."

THEY'D LOCK ME UP.

YOU'RE THE JUSTICE KILLER, AREN'T YOU? I FLASHED ON YOUR COMING FOR ME YESTERDAY, WHEN I LOOKED IN A MIRROR.

AND THAT IS WHAT TURNED YOUR HAIR WHITE?

THAT? HAH! SMALL POTATOES, SIR.
LAST NIGHT I SAW TROY BURNING. I SAW THE WRITING ON THE WALL, AND THE WORDS READ "THE END."


I DREAMT LAST NIGHT OF ARMAGEDDON, SIR, AND AWOKE KNOWING NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME.
WORLD WAR III. I COULD RUN, OF COURSE, OR TRY TO. BUT I'M NO SURVIVALIST. I DON'T WANT TO HANG AROUND AND HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.

IF YOU HAVE TRULY FORESEEN ARMAGEDDON, I CAN MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR IT, IF YOU WISH.
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE THE TIME.

I AM JUSTICE.

I HAVE SEEN INJUSTICE UPSET THE SCALES, AND HAVE ALWAYS REGAINED THE BALANCE.

BUT NOW I WITNESS A SOUNDLESS OBSCENITY, A CRIME SO VAST AND SUDDEN AND ABSOLUTE...

...THAT I REALIZE IN HORROR THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH COUNTERWEIGHTS IN THE WORLD TO OFFSET IT.

A CONCEPT IN THAT NOISELESS MOMENT THAT STRIKES TO MY CORE.

AND THEN THE SOUND COMES...

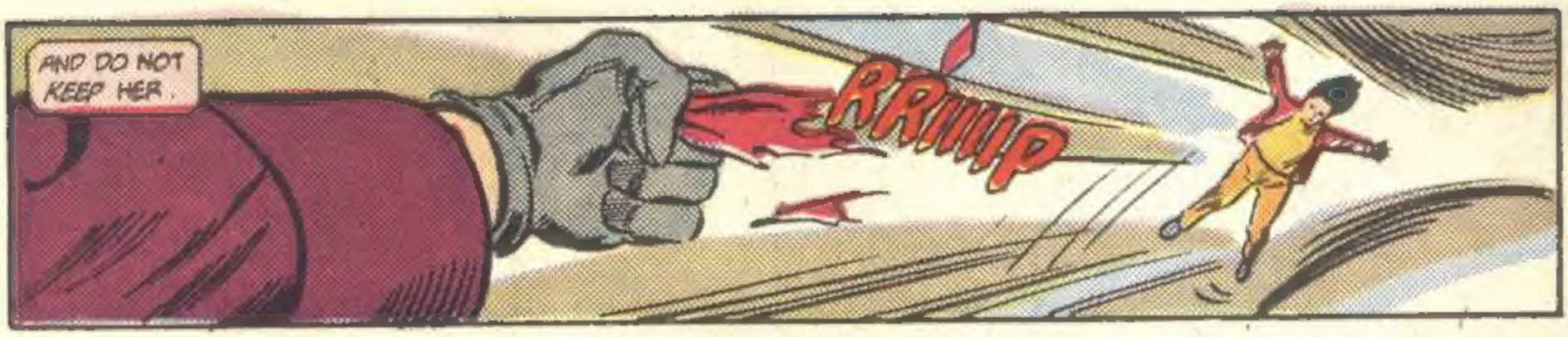
KABAM

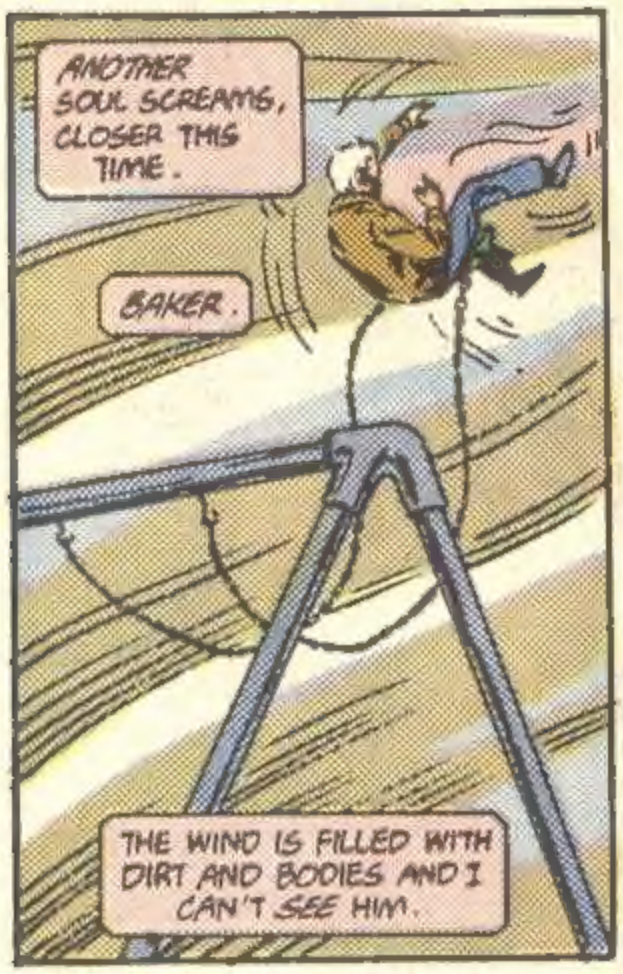
SHE'S CRYING.
SHE'S SCARED.
GOD HELP ME, SO AM I.
THE DOG DROPPED DEAD. MAYBE HE WAS THE SMART ONE.
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

TOO LATE...
SOB! TOO LATE...
AND THEN... COMES THE WIND.
OVERWHELMING SOUND, LIKE A THOUSAND SOUS SCREAMING.
AND THEN THE SOULS START SUCKING UP BODIES TO KEEP THEM COMPANY.

I SEE HER SCREAMING, BUT DO NOT HEAR.
THEN AS DIRT FILLS MY EYES I SQUINT, BUT DO NOT SEE.

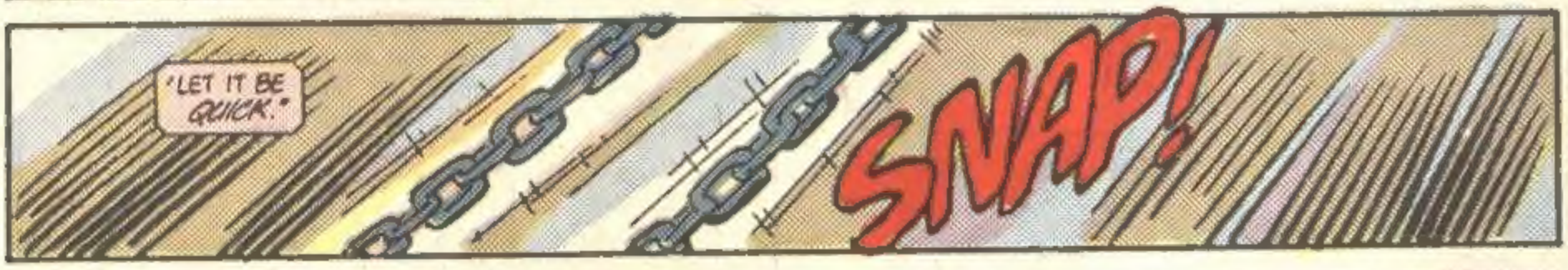
FLAILING OUT, I GRAB HER...


AND DO NOT KEEP HER.
RRIIIIP


ANOTHER SOUL SCREAMS, CLOSER THIS TIME.
BAKER.
THE WIND IS FILLED WITH DIRT AND BODIES AND I CAN'T SEE HIM.

AND I UTTER MY FIRST PRAYER TO A DEITY WHO HAS APPARENTLY TURNED AWAY.

I SAY 'PLEASE, ON BEHALF OF THAT POOR, TORTURED SOUL...

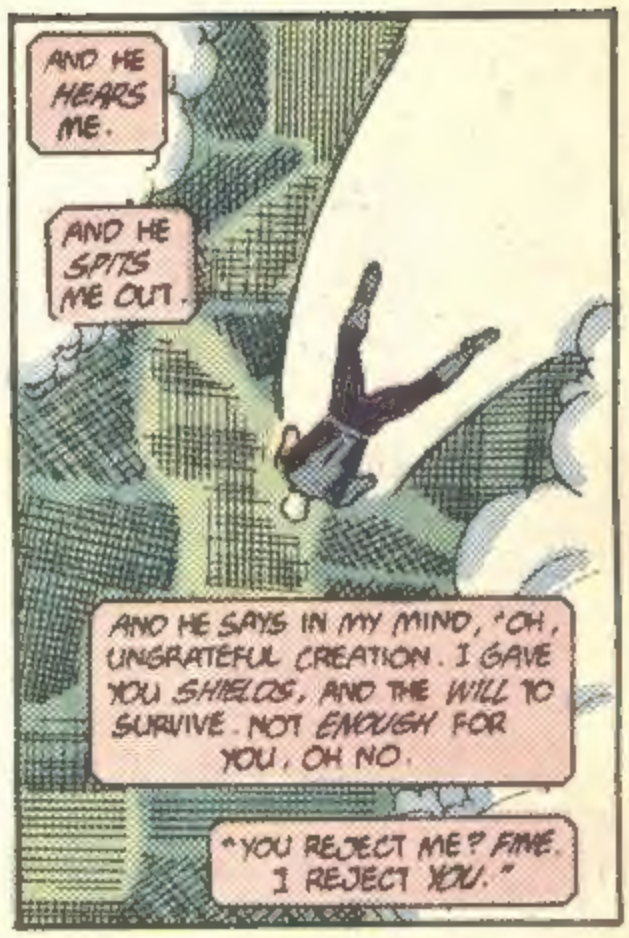

'LET IT BE QUICK.'
SNAP!

AND THEN... I BECOME ANGRY WITH MY MAKER. IS THIS WHAT WE'RE REDUCED TO-- PRAYING FOR QUICK DEATH?
AND AS I EXTEND MY SHIELDS AS NEVER BEFORE, SURROUNDING MYSELF. I SEE THE INFANT.
MARK 10:14--"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT; FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

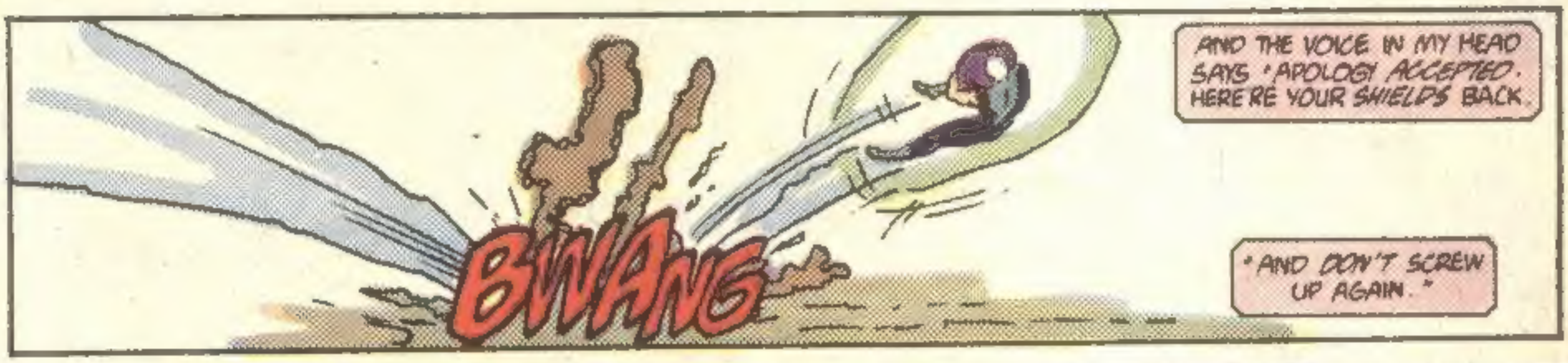
WELL, I FORBID IT.
AND EVEN AS I'M SUCKED UP INTO THE MAELSTROM, I THINK--
"HAH! I SHOWED HIM!"
I REESTABLISH MY SHIELDS.
TO MAINTAIN THEM LIKE THIS FOR AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF TIME WILL TAKE CONSTANT CONCENTRATION.
FORTUNATELY I HAVE NOTHING BUT TIME.
SECONDS STRETCH TO MINUTES, AND THE BABY IS CRYING AND COLD.
I DO WHAT I CAN.
"GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE," EBENEZER ELLIOT WROTE.

WELL, EITHER GOD IS CAUSING THIS, OR HE IS DEAD...
U.S. MAIL
OR ELSE HE HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO TODAY THAN SAVE THE PEOPLE.

MINUTES TURN TO HOURS, IT SEEMS, AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT'S LIKE NOT TO BE SURROUNDED BY WIND AND HOWLING AND DEATH...
AS MY SHIELDS FADE MY ONLY THOUGHT IS "IF GOD WERE HERE, I'D SPIT IN HIS FACE AND LAUGH."

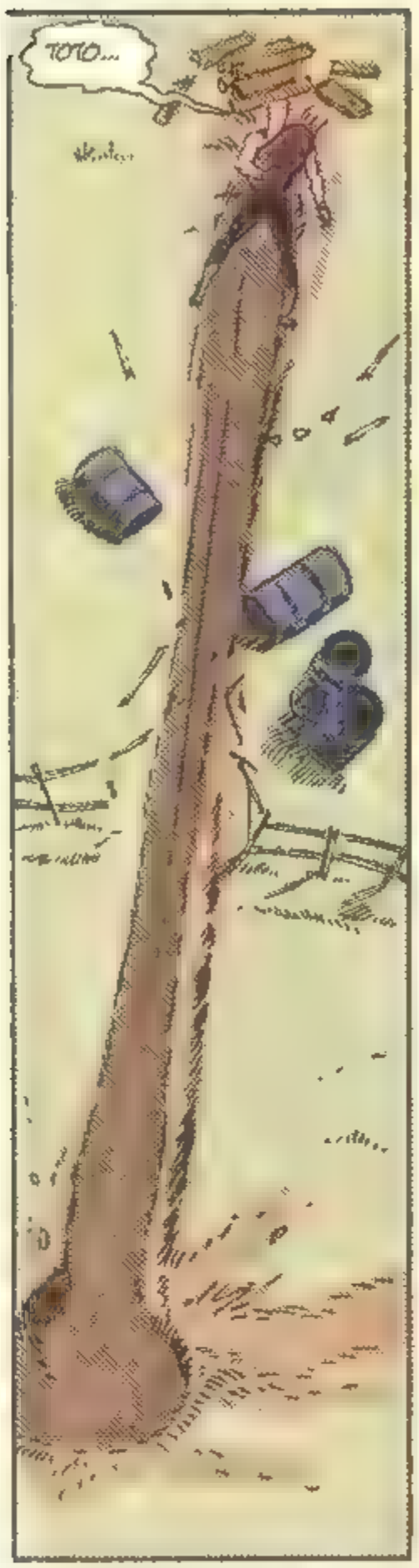

AND HE HEARS ME.
AND HE SPITS ME OUT.
AND HE SAYS IN MY MIND, "OH, UNGRATEFUL CREATION. I GAVE YOU SHIELDS, AND THE WILL TO SURVIVE. NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, OH NO.
"YOU REJECT ME? FINE. I REJECT YOU."

I'M NO LONGER HELD ALOFT, AND THE GROUND IS COMING TOWARD ME WITH HIDEOUS SPEED.
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE, CAN'T SUMMON MY SHIELDS. EXHAUSTED.
AND I THINK, "SORRY IF I WAS OUT OF LINE BEFORE."


BWANG
AND THE VOICE IN MY HEAD SAYS "APOLOGY ACCEPTED. HERE'RE YOUR SHIELDS BACK.
"AND DON'T SCREW UP AGAIN."

RRRIIIP
PITTSBURGH PIRATES!
JUST WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR!

WUMP!

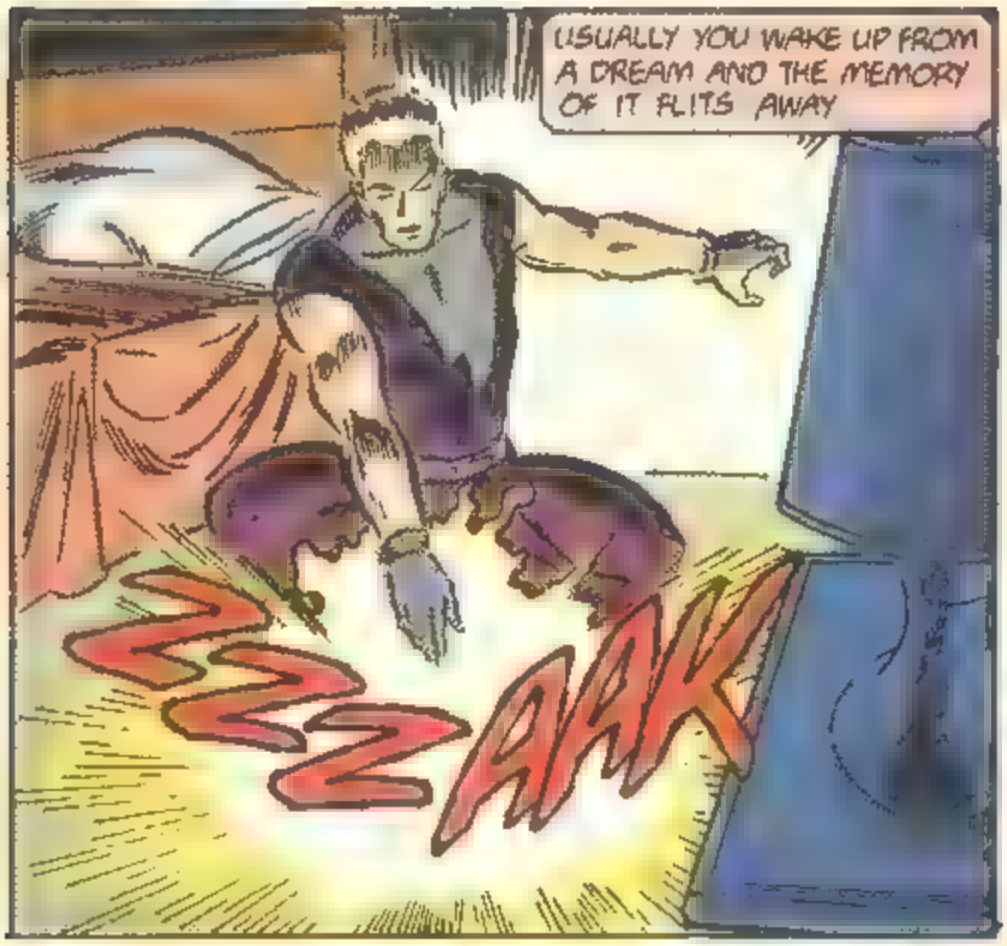

TOTO...

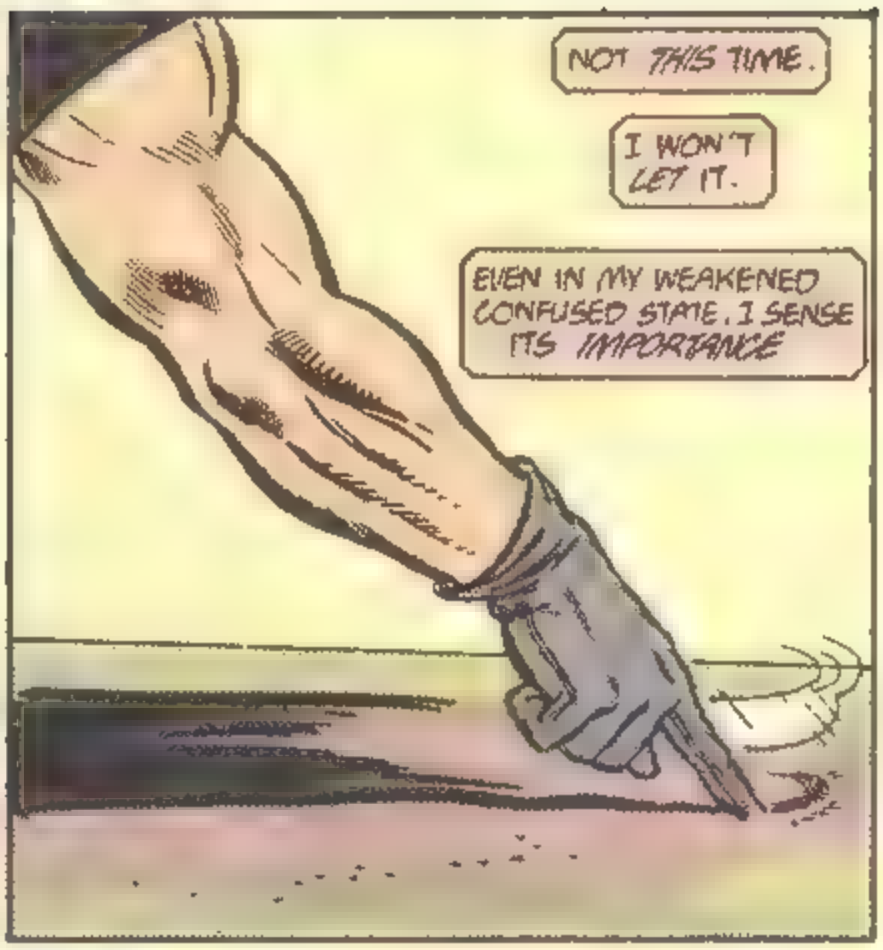
I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN KANSAS ANYMORE.

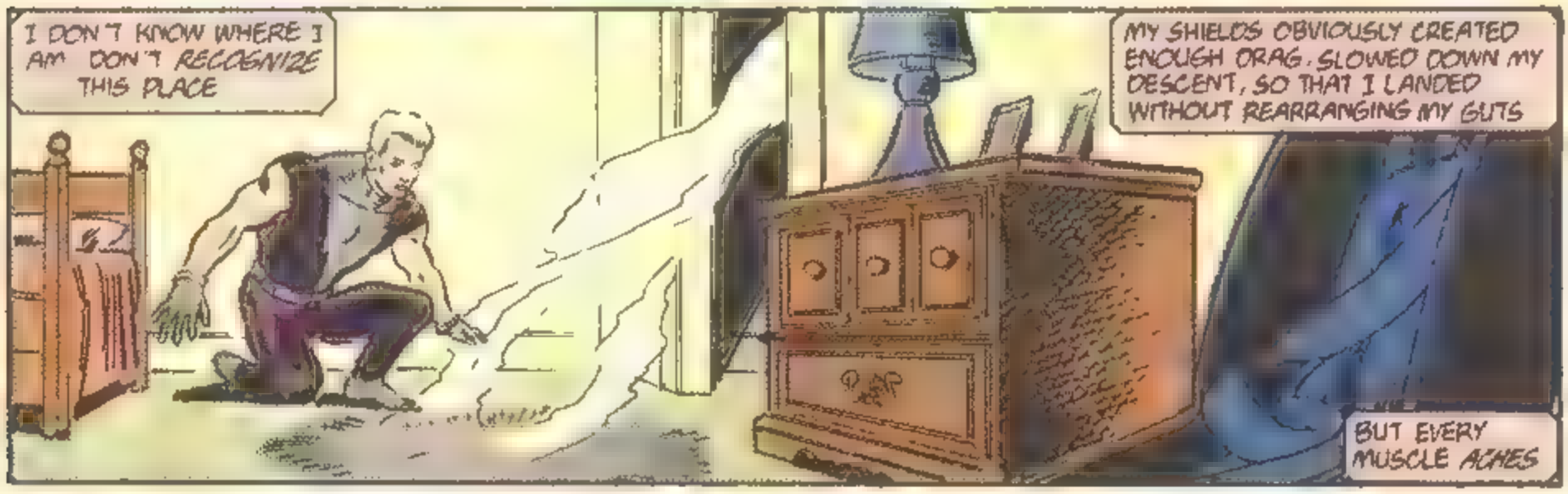
WUMPF

YAAAARRGH!

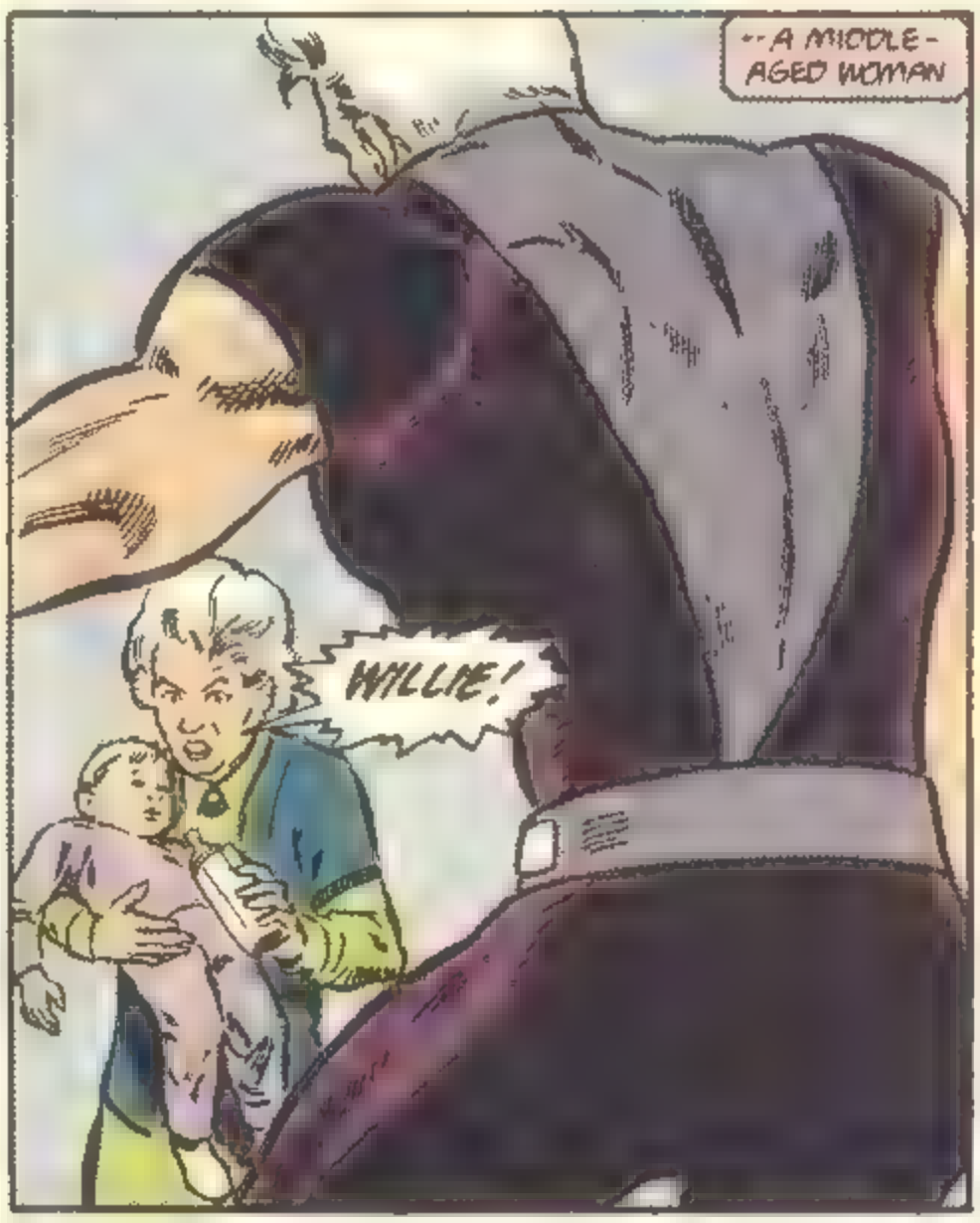
THUD!


USUALLY YOU WAKE UP FROM A DREAM AND THE MEMORY OF IT FLITS AWAY
ZZZ AAAK


NOT THIS TIME.
I WON'T LET IT.
EVEN IN MY WEAKENED CONFUSED STATE, I SENSE ITS IMPORTANCE


I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM DON'T RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE
MY SHIELDS OBVIOUSLY CREATED ENOUGH DRAG, SLOWED DOWN MY DESCENT, SO THAT I LANDED WITHOUT REARRANGING MY GUTS
BUT EVERY MUSCLE ACHES

MY BRAIN FEELS LIKE ITS ON FIRE
AND I EMERGE FROM THE ROOM READY TO FRY--


--A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
WILLIE!

WILLIE, GET IN HERE!

WHAT IS IT?! HAVE YOU HEARD FROM--

OH WHITEY'S AWAKE

I--I THINK HE'S GOING TO HURT THE BABY!

I STEADY MYSELF, TRYING TO SORT OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED

WHAT'S BECOMING PAINFULLY OBVIOUS HOWEVER, IS THAT I'M HARDLY IN THE CLUTCHES OF AN ENEMY.

EVEN IF I COULDN'T SEE THEIR AURAS INDICATED A LACK OF PARANORMAL POWERS, IT'S CLEAR FROM THEIR DEMEANOR THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.

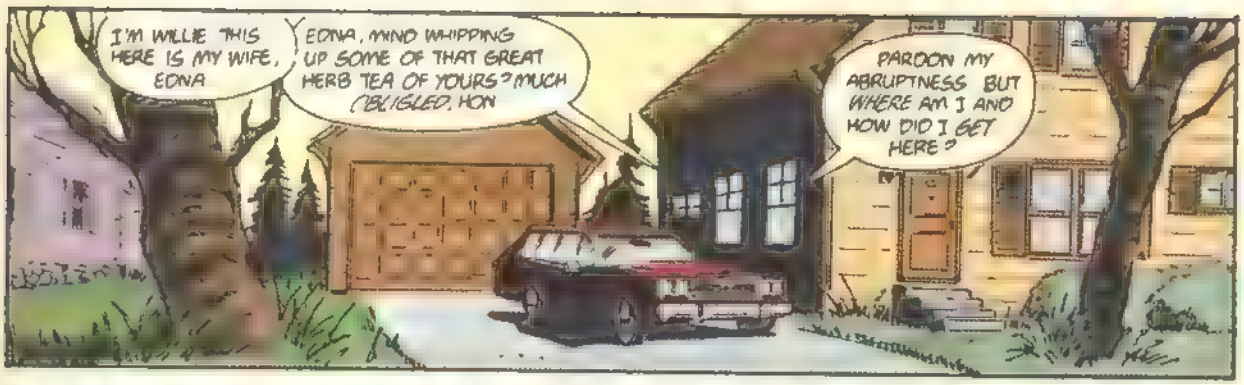
THAT MAKES THREE OF US

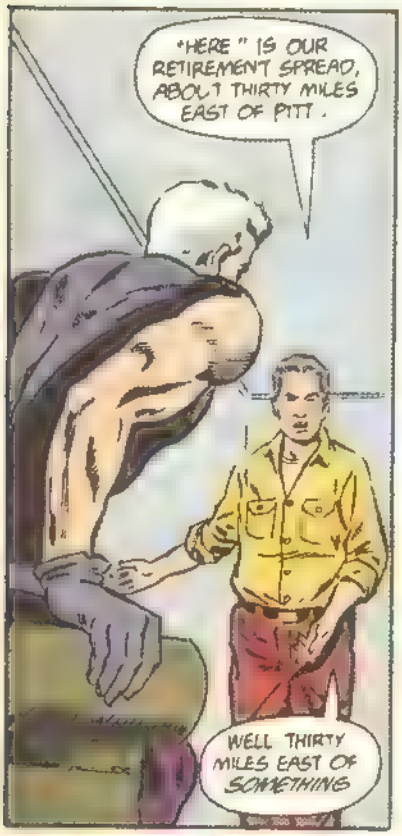
THE BABY--THE BABY I SAVED--GRINS SILENTLY, CHEERFUL, AND I REALIZE MY FISTS ARE CLENCHED I UNCLENCH THEM.

MY APOLOGIES I'M TENSEN

TEN CENTS? ARE YOU ON SALE?

CALL ME JOHN.

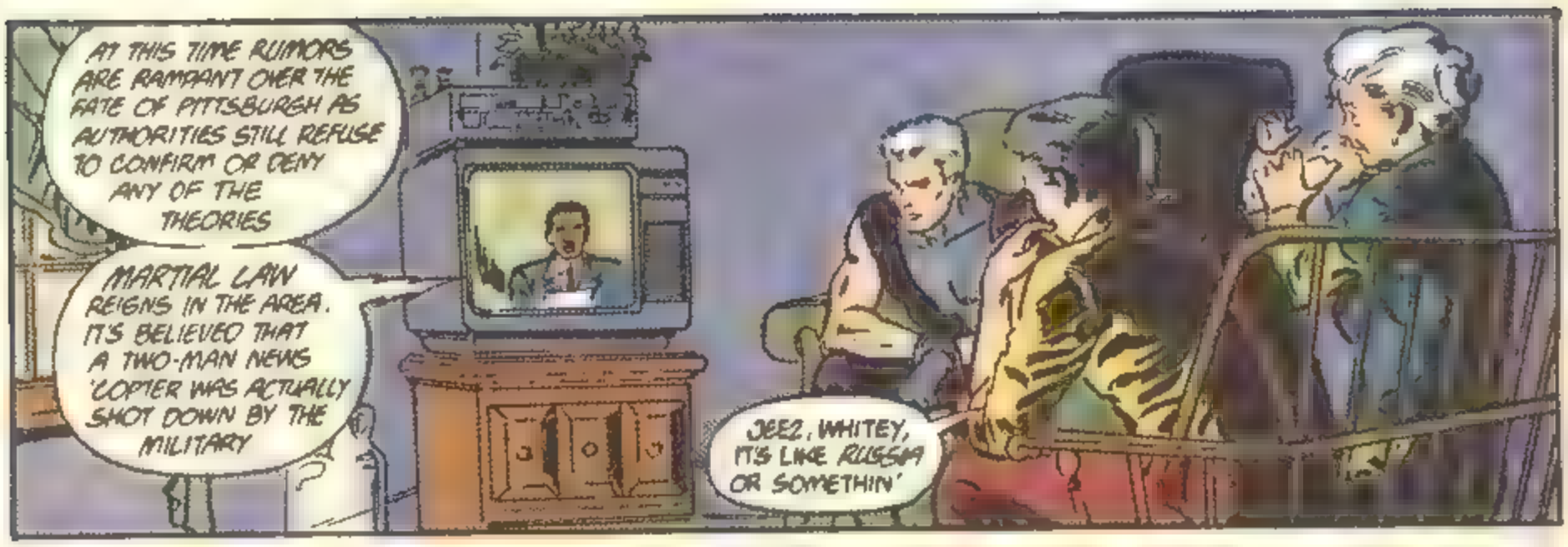

I'M WILLIE. THIS HERE IS MY WIFE, EDNA
EDNA, MIND WHIPPING UP SOME OF THAT GREAT HERB TEA OF YOURS? MUCH OBLIGED, HON
PARDON MY ABRUPTNESS BUT WHERE AM I AND HOW DID I GET HERE?


"HERE" IS OUR RETIREMENT SPREAD, ABOUT THIRTY MILES EAST OF PITT.
WELL THIRTY MILES EAST OF SOMETHING

AS FOR "HOW", APPARENTLY YOU LANDED IN A FIELD BACK OF OUR HOUSE. YOU WERE AT THE END OF A SIXTY FOOT TRENCH PRACTICALLY IN OUR BACK YARD, THAT QUIET LITTLE BABY IN YOUR ARMS.
IF YOU'D BEEN IN A ROCKET SHIP, WE'D THINK YOU WERE FROM KRYPTON

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, WHITEY
WE BROUGHT YOU INSIDE, CALLED THE COPS, BUT THAT WAS YESTERDAY. NO ONE'S COME YET, EVERYTHING'S SO CRAZY WITH THE DISASTER
EXCUSE ME IF I SOUND A LITTLE DISTANT. I HAVE... THINGS ON MY MIND

YOU SAID DISASTER
WHAT'S HAPPENED, EXACTLY?


AT THIS TIME RUMORS ARE RAMPANT OVER THE FATE OF PITTSBURGH AS AUTHORITIES STILL REFUSE TO CONFIRM OR DENY ANY OF THE THEORIES
MARTIAL LAW REIGNS IN THE AREA. IT'S BELIEVED THAT A TWO-MAN NEWS 'COPTER WAS ACTUALLY SHOT DOWN BY THE MILITARY
JEEZ, WHITEY, IT'S LIKE RUSSIA OR SOMETHIN'

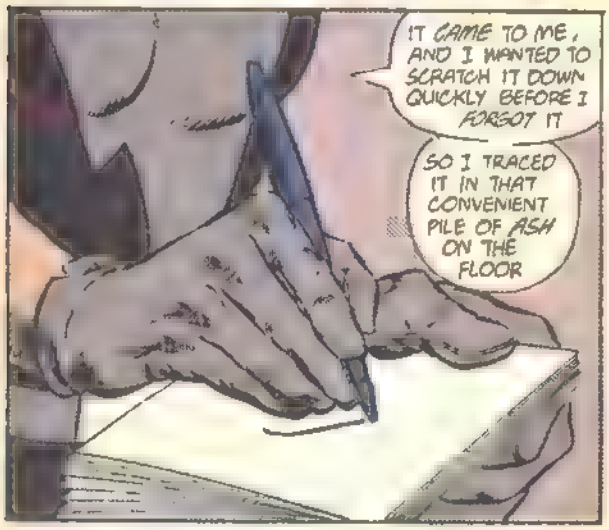
"THE ENTIRE PITTSBURGH AREA IS STILL OBSCURED BY HUGE CLOUDS OF STEAM, AND THERE IS A COMPLETE INFORMATION CLAMPDOWN
"WHAT IS IN EVIDENCE HOWEVER IS THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE 300 MILES-PER-HOUR WIND THAT FOLLOWED THE APPARENT CALAMITY
"THE WINDS LAID WASTE TO THE AREA WITHIN FIVE MILES OF PITTSBURGH THOUSANDS WERE KILLED, HOUSES WERE LEVELED-- THE MOST MASSIVE DEVASTATION THIS AREA HAS SEEN IN MEMORY
"AND AT THIS TIME THE FATES OF PITTSBURGH, AND THE MORE THAN HALF-MILLION RESIDENTS OF THAT INDUSTRIAL CITY, ARE UNKNOWN."

CLIK
WHITEY... OUR DAUGHTER LIVES THERE SON-IN-LAW, TWO GRANDCHILDREN I'VE BEEN TRYING TO STAY CALM, NOT THINK ABOUT. WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED PHONES ARE OUT...
BUT WHITEY, THE THINGS WE'RE HEARING-- TERRORISTS ARE ALREADY CLAIMING THEY SET OFF A... A...
A BOMB? NO FAR MORE DANGEROUS I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'LL LET YOU THROUGH, WHITEY?
I'LL CHARM THEM WITH MY WIT
JOHN... IF YOU MAKE IT THROUGH--
CHECK ON YOUR FAMILY?
CERTAINLY, IF YOU WILL ATTEND TO THE CHILD I'VE SAVED
WE'RE ORPHANS OF THE STORM, HE AND I

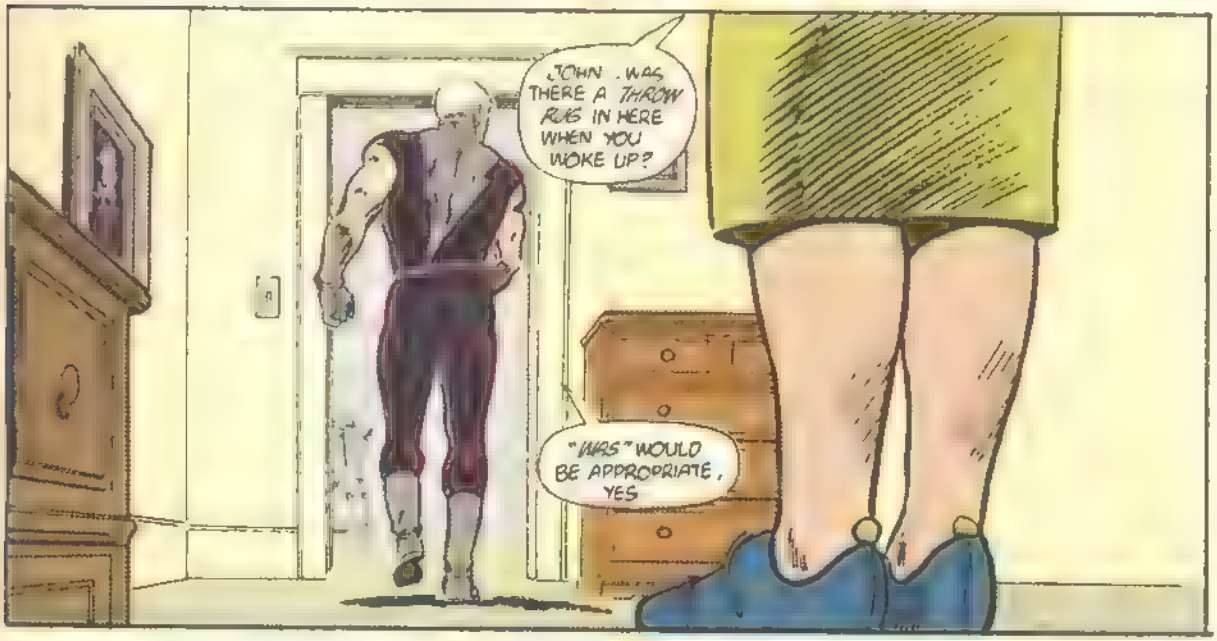
I'LL WRITE DOWN THEIR ADDRESS HER MARRIED NAME IS RAISINPUTTEN
THE ADDRESS, BY ALL MEANS IT'S SUCH A COMMON NAME

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT... THINGS... ON THE FLOOR?

A SIGN
THE PAPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, EDNA


IT CAME TO ME, AND I WANTED TO SCRATCH IT DOWN QUICKLY BEFORE I FORGOT IT
SO I TRACED IT IN THAT CONVENIENT PILE OF ASH ON THE FLOOR

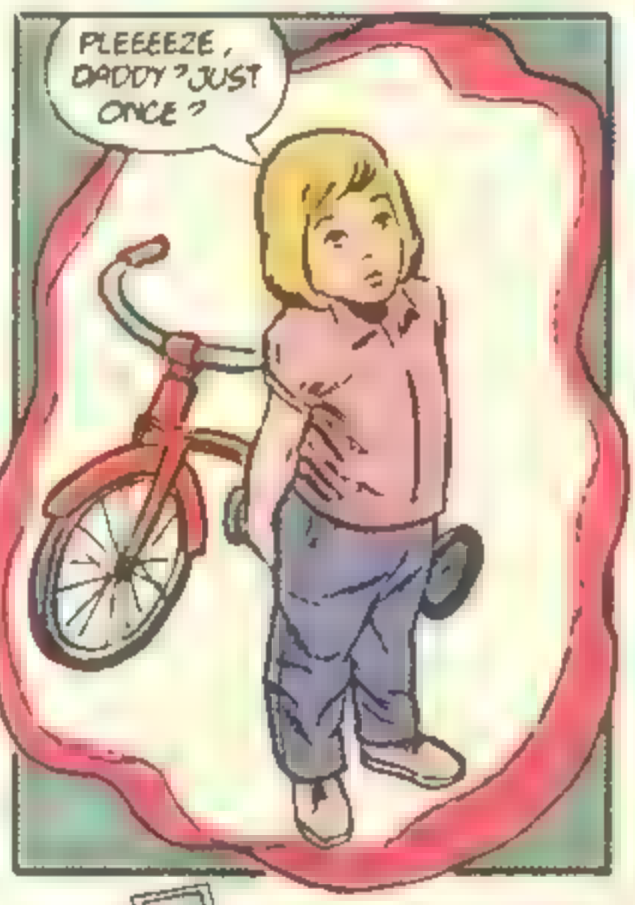
NOW I'M RE-SKETCHING IT TO STUDY AT LEISURE


JOHN... WAS THERE A THROW RUG IN HERE WHEN YOU WOKE UP?
"WAS" WOULD BE APPROPRIATE, YES

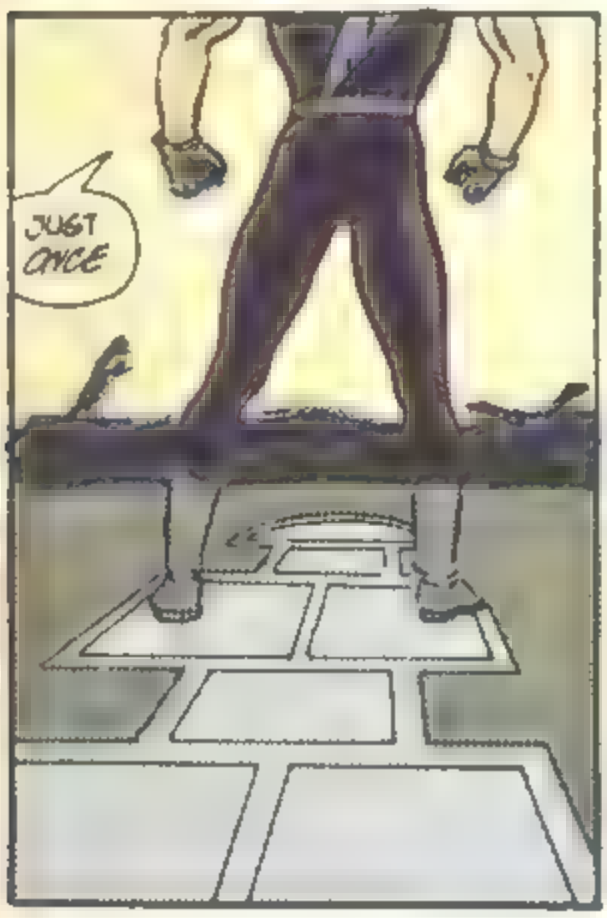
THEY HOLD IT IN WELL -- THEY ARE HARDY FOLK. BUT THEY ARE CLEARLY FRANTIC ABOUT THEIR CHILD AND GRANDCHILDREN
WHY ELSE WOULD THEY LEND THEIR CAR TO A TOTAL STRANGER?

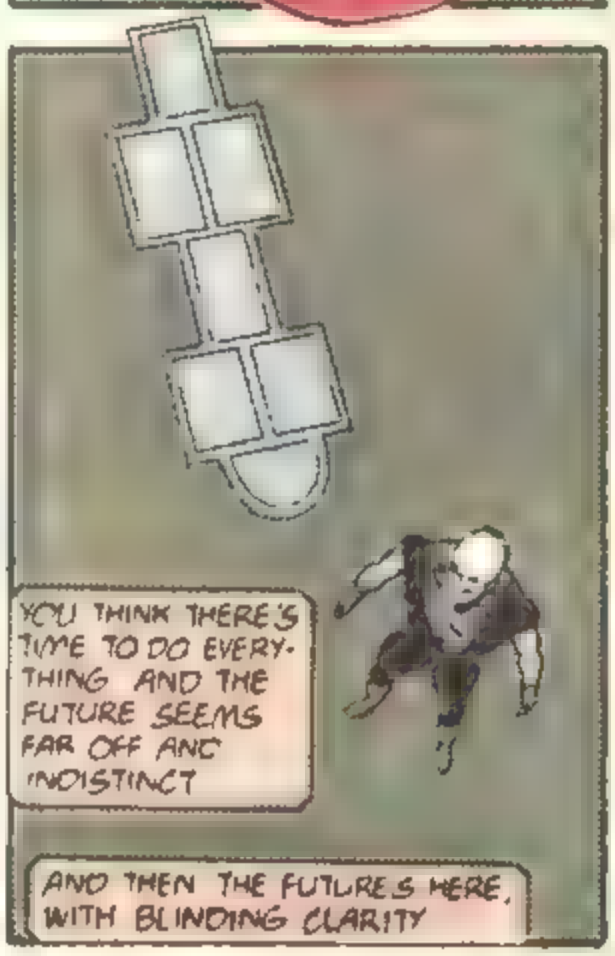
THE CLOSER I GET, THE MORE DEVASTATION THERE IS POLICE ARE DETOURING US

AND I FIND MYSELF AT A PLAYGROUND, PERHAPS THE VERY ONE I WAS AT EARLIER
ALMOST NOTHING REMAINS
NOTHING EXCEPT A PAINTED HOPSCOTCH BOARD AND MEMORIES

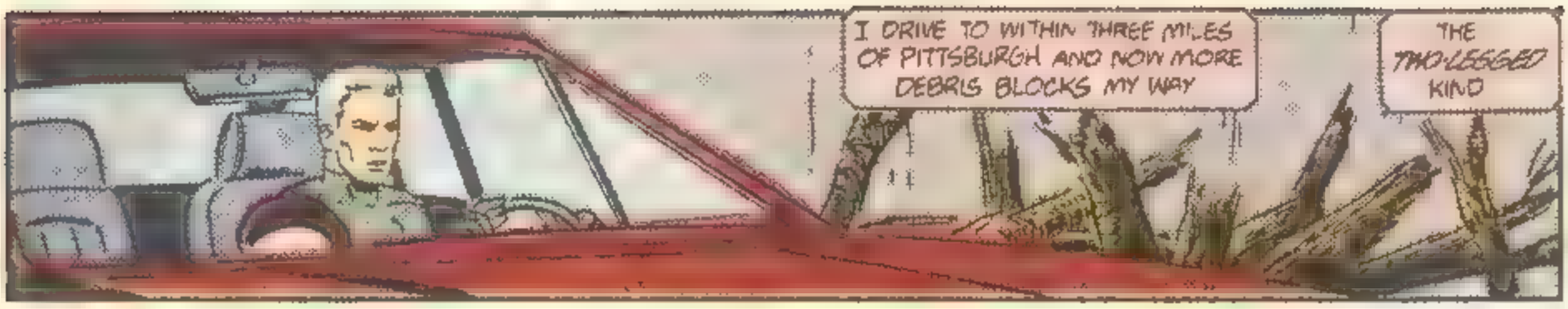

PLEEEEZE, DADDY? JUST ONCE?

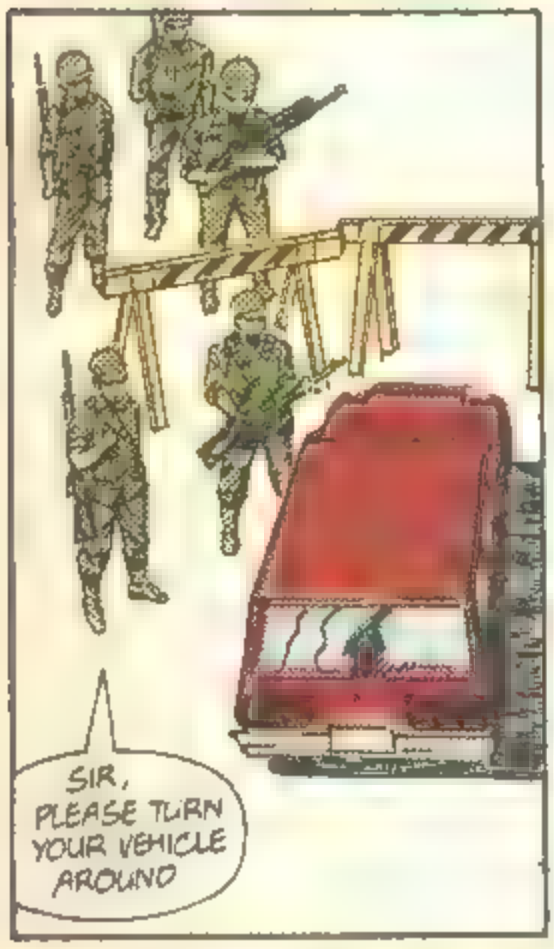
ALL RIGHT


JUST ONCE


YOU THINK THERE'S TIME TO DO EVERYTHING AND THE FUTURE SEEMS FAR OFF AND INDISTINCT
AND THEN THE FUTURE'S HERE, WITH BLINDING CLARITY

AND THEN IT'S GONE AND ALL YOU HAVE LEFT ARE ASHES AND A DEEP FEELING OF NOTHINGNESS


I DRIVE TO WITHIN THREE MILES OF PITTSBURGH AND NOW MORE DEBRIS BLOCKS MY WAY
THE TWO-LEGGED KIND


SIR, PLEASE TURN YOUR VEHICLE AROUND

I'M AFRAID IT'S MUCH TOO HEAVY
I'M JOHN TENSEN. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LET ME THROUGH.

SIR, PLEASE TURN YOUR VEHICLE AROUND, NOW.
SO MUCH FOR CHARM

WAK
I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE PERSUASIVE
BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
PTANG
PTANG
PTANG
PTANG

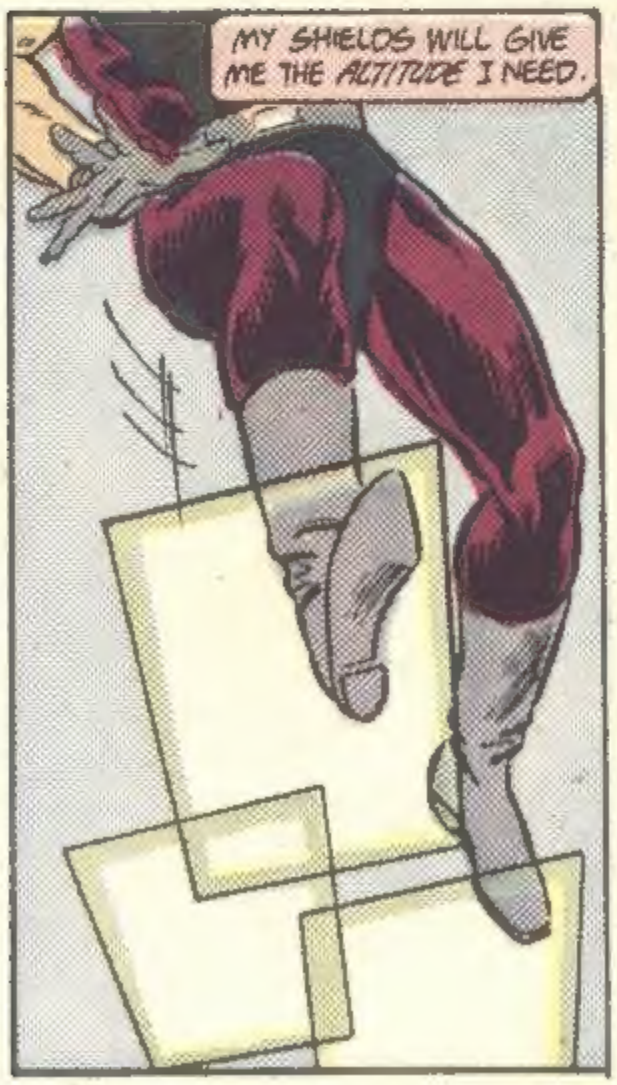
STAY AWAY, MR. UPDIKE! WE HAVE TO--
HOLD IT! BACK OFF!

HAVE TO WHAT? WASTE MORE AMMO?
IT'D TAKE MORE THAN THESE GENTS HAVE TO STOP YOU, WOULDN'T IT, MR. TENSEN?
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

I'M WITH THE NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL, TENSEN. IF THE NSC DOESN'T KNOW IT, IT DOESN'T EXIST.
NAME'S TERRANCE UPDIKE. HERE'S MY CARD.

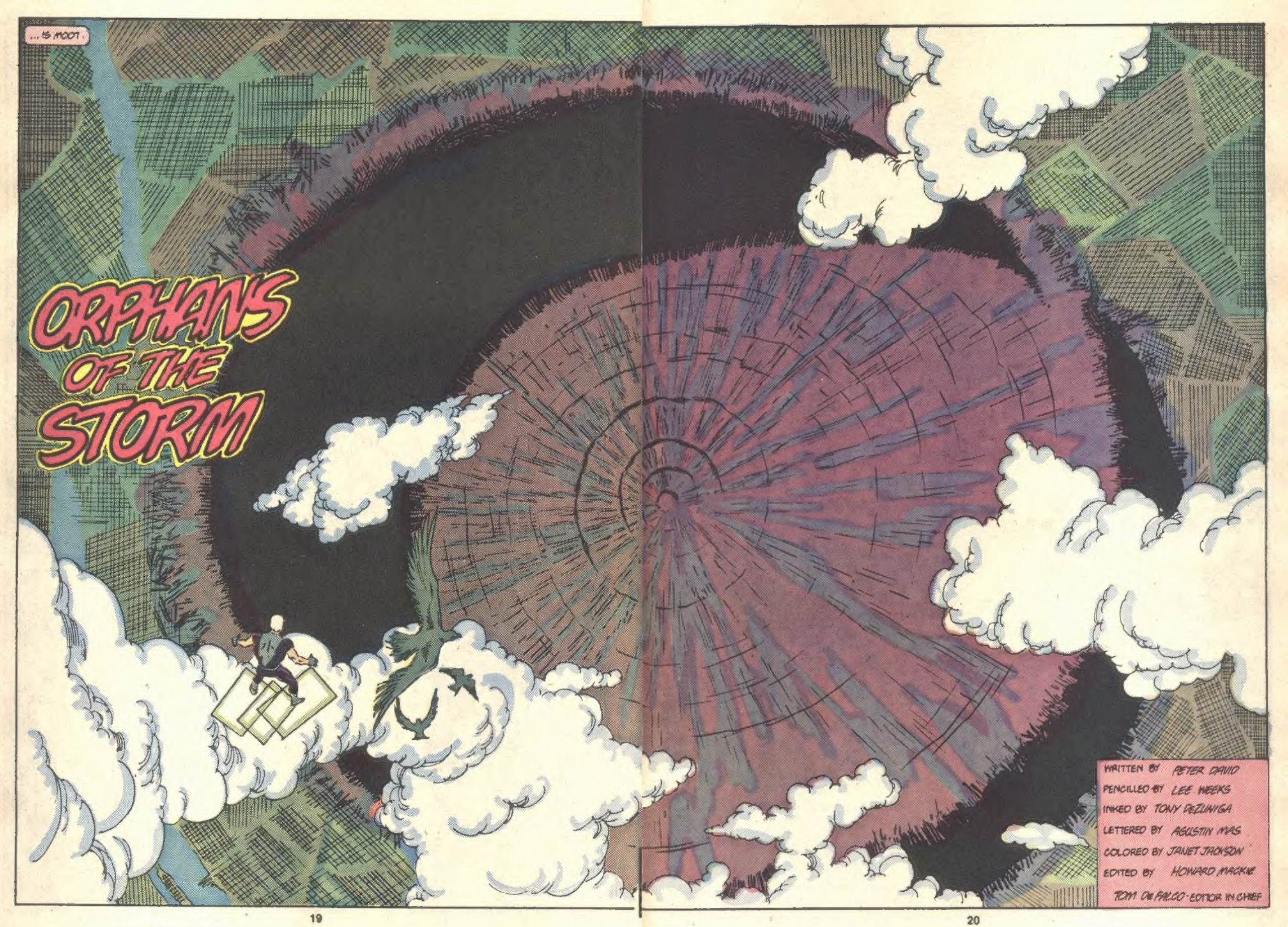
LOOK AROUND TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT.
DON'T SAY THANKS OR ANYTHING.

THE LAST MILE IS THE MOST DIFFICULT AS MY SWORD ARM SLICES THROUGH TONS OF DEBRIS.*
FINALLY I FACE A STEEP DROP.


MY SHIELDS WILL GIVE ME THE ALTITUDE I NEED.

IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I'D TRADE ALL MY POWERS FOR ONE GOOD HELICOPTER. AFTER HALF AN HOUR MY LEGS ARE EXHAUSTED.
THEN I LOOK DOWN...

AND I REALIZE WITH HORROR THAT THE ADDRESS EDNA AND WILLIE GAVE ME...


...is moot.
ORPHANS OF THE STORM
WRITTEN BY PETER DAVID
PENCILLED BY LEE WEEKS
INKED BY TONY DEZUNIGA
LETTERED BY AGUSTIN MAS
COLORED BY JANET JACKSON
EDITED BY HOWARD MACKIE
TOM DEFALCO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

THERE'S NO GOOD WAY TO SAY IT, AND OFFERING COMFORT HAS NEVER BEEN MY STRENGTH, SO I DO NOT *EMBELLISH* THE TRUTH FOR WILLIE AND EDNA. I SAY SIMPLY--

THEY'RE GONE.

EDNA, HOWEVER, IS UNCONSTRAINED. SHE EMITS A BANSHEE-LIKE WAIL, AS IF HER HEART WAS CUT OUT WITH A KNIFE...

WILLIE REMAINS STOIC-- HE'LL RELEASE HIS GRIEF LATER, PRIVATELY.

...WHICH OF COURSE, IT *WAS*.

HAVE YOU INFORMED AUTHORITIES...OF THE *CHILD*?

UHM...[SNIFF] YES. THEY ASKED IF, UH, WE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN BEING *FOSTER* PARENTS UNTIL THEY TRACK DOWN THE NEXT OF KIN.

BUT IF HE WAS BORN NEAR WHERE THE--ACCIDENT-- WAS, RECORDS COULD BE DESTROYED. THEY MIGHT *NEVER* FIND THEM.

DO AS THEY ASK. IF POSSIBLE, EVENTUALLY, *ADOPT* HIM.

WHAT, AS SOME SORT OF *REPLACEMENT* FOR WHAT WE'VE LOST?

I KNOW YOU CAN'T TELL BY LOOKIN' AT US, WHITEY, BUT WE'RE NO SPRING CHICKENS. PLENTY OF PEOPLE WILL WANT A HEALTHY WHITE CHILD--

NOT HEALTHY.

SNAP
DEAFENED BY THE EXPLOSION.

HE'LL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN.
HE'S LOST MUCH, AND THE BEST PEOPLE TO HELP HIM...
...ARE THOSE WHO HAVE ALSO LOST SOMETHING. TO HELP FILL THEIR VOIDS.
AND THERE'S A GREAT VOID WHERE A CITY ONCE WAS... A VOID THAT CRIES OUT TO BE FILLED WITH JUSTICE.

WHITEY, WHY NOT STAY HERE FOR A WHILE... JUST UNTIL THINGS GET SETTLED DOWN. THE FUTURE'S UNCERTAIN--
THE FUTURE'S BETTER THAT WAY AND I CAN'T STAY.
WHY NOT?

BECAUSE...
I HAVE TO GO TO WORK.
NEXT HERO WORSHIP